Mary Barber, â??Written from Dublin to a Lady in the Countryâ?•

Description

[MARY BARBER]

â??*Written* from Dublin to a Lady in the *Country*â?•

A Wretch in smoaky *Dublin* pent,
Who rarely sees the Firmament,
You graciously invite, to view
The Sunâ??s enlivâ??ning Rays with you;
To change the Town for flowâ??ry Meads,
And sing beneath the sylvan Shades.

YOUâ??RE kind in vain â??It will not be â??
Retirement was denyâ??d to me;
Doomâ??d by inexorable Fate,
To pass throâ?? crouded Scenes I hate.
O with what Joy could I survey
The rising, glorious source of Day!
Attend the Shepherdâ??s fleecy Care
Transported with the vernal Air;
Behold the Meadowâ??s painted Pride,
Or see the limped Waters glide;
Survey the distant, shaded Hills,
And, penfive, hear the murmâ??ring Rills,

THROâ?? your *Versailles* with Pleasure rove,
Admire the Gardens, and the Grove;
See Natureâ??s bounteous Hand adorn
The blushing Peach, and the blooming Thorn;
Beheld the Birds distend their Throats,
And hear their wild, melodious Notes,

DELIGHTED, throâ?? your Pastures roam,
Or see the Kine come lowing home;
Whose odâ??rous Breaths a Joy impart,
That sooths the Sense, and glads the Heart;
With pleasure view the frothing Pails
And silent hear the creaking Rails;
See whistling Hinds attend their Ploughs,
Who never hear of broken Vows;
Where no Ambition to be great,

Eâ??er taught the Nymph, or Swain, Deceit.

THUS throâ?? the Day, delighted run;
Then rapturâ??d view the setting Sun;
The rich, diffusive God behold,
On distant Mountains pouring Gold,
Gilding the beauteous, rising Spire,
While Crystal Windows glow with Fire;
Gaze, till he quit the *Western* Skies,
And long to see his Sister rise;
Prefer the silent, Silver moon
To the too radiant, noisy Noon.

OR *Northward* turn, with new Delight,
To mark what Triumphs wait the Night;
When Shepherds think the Heavâ??ns foreshow
Some dire Commotions here below;
When Light the human Form assumes,
And Champions meet with nodding Plumes,
With Silver Streamers, wide unfurlâ??d
And gleaming Spears amaze the World.

THENCE to the higher Heavâ??ns I soar,
And the great Architect adore ;
Behold what Worlds are hung in Air,
And view ten thousand Empires there;
Then prostate to Jehovah fall,
Who into Being spake them all.

NOTES:

1 *pent* â??Another term for â??pent-upâ??â?• *(OED).*

2 *Firmament* â??The heavens or the skyâ?• *(OED).*

6 *Sylvan* â??Consisting of or associated with woods; woodedâ?• *(OED).*

9 *inexorable* â??Impossible to stop or preventâ?• *(OED).*

14 *vernal* â??Of, in, or appropriate to springâ?• *(OED).*

19 *Versailles* A royal palace that began construction in 1661 and completed in 1715. It was the palace of the French monarch Louis XIV and it was a symbol of absolute monarchy.

26 *Kine â??*Cows collectively*â?•* *(OED).*

31 *Hinds* Farm laborers.

34 *Swain* â??A country youthâ?• *(OED).*

51 *unfurlâ??d* â??Make or become spread out from a rolled or folded state, especially in order to be open to the wind.â?• *(OED)*

57 *Jehovah* â??A form of the Hebrew name of God used in some translations of the Bibleâ?• *(OED).*

Source: ***Poems on Several Occasions*** **(London, 1735), pp. 101-104.**

Edited by Natasha Forsberg